HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I ENTER INTO NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY. I AM FOR JUSTICE, IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY, AND ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF THE LIVING GOD."

VOL. 1. CONCORD, N. H. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1835. NO. 4.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.
Office, over Merrimack County Bank.

PUBLISHED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

JOSEPH HORACE KIMBALL, Editor.

Elbridge G. Chase, Printer.

FRUITS OF SLAVERY.

Licentiousness.

If the infernal secrets of the kidnappers' prison-houses, their plantations, could be divulged; and all the tortures, scourgings, rapes, maimings, barbarity, pollution, and massacres with which they are begrimed, *black and bloody*, could be unfolded, the record would be like the ancient roll of the Prophet Ezekiel, "written within and without, lamentations, mourning and wo."

Some time since, a colored woman was put in the jail of Lexington, Kentucky.—She was charged with having set fire to her tyrant's barn, &c.; and upon the trial was convicted and sentenced to death. Her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy. During her detention in the prison, her unhappy and delicate condition awakened the attention of some ladies of that town, who visited her in her cell; and in endeavoring to impress her mind with a proper sense of her guilt, they elicited the cause why she had committed the offence. The unfortunate creature's narrative was to this effect.

A young man, a slave on a neighboring plantation, and she had become faithfully attached, and were permitted by her master to cohabit together. After a lapse of some time, her driver fixed his adulterous eyes upon her, and demanded her compliance with his sensual desires. She refused. He insisted; whipped her unmercifully for *her disobedience to his orders;* and finally, partly through her incapacity in her emaciated state longer to resist him, and partly by force, accomplished his infamous design. During this procedure, the ruthless felon had prohibited her lover from appearing about his house. When she began to recover from the effects of her scourgings, her companion was again permitted to visit her. The honest, affectionate creature told him the story of her sufferings and of her debasement; and besought him to continue his tenderness and his regards towards her, assuring him that in the midst of all her stripes and defilement, she had been only and unreservedly his faithful partner both in heart and person. He received the information with distrust; even the marks of the cruelty which she had endured did not pacify him and finding from her confessions, that the ravisher often was connected with her, the colored man sullenly left his formerly beloved associate, stating that he would not give away his love any longer to a woman who was so dishonored; whether it was involuntary on her part, or with her consent. Finding that all attempts to recover his affections and company were unavailing, in a state of frenzied exasperation with her master, at her complicated wrongs, she went out of the kitchen with a firebrand, and set fire to the barn, which with its contents was consumed.

This was the substance of the piteous tale, which the condemned woman told the ladies in her dungeon. The white man, in common parlance, was a respectable and influential citizen; and the ladies reminded the delinquent, that attempts to exculpate herself by criminating her master with such a heinous offence, would only render her situation the worse, and every endeavor to save her life more hopeless. She maintained the truth of her statement with undeviating pertinacity; and avowed her conviction, that her ravisher would not have the hardihood to deny her narrative in the presence of those ladies.

At length feeling indignant at this brutal mode of exterminating all feminine sensibilities, the ladies resolved, if possible, to ascertain the truth of the woman's tale. The colored man first was secretly examined.—He confirmed it in all points, so far as her excuses to him had been offered for her unwilling infidelity, and stated to the inquirers some other common facts which occurred between the planters and their female slaves, which he alleged in justification of his doubts of her attachment, and of his ceasing any more to visit her. From some of the other female slaves belonging to the same gentleman, I believe, the ladies obtained additional information which finally produced the full conviction in their minds, that the woman's statement was not only true, but that the worst part of it had not been communicated to them. They therefore resolved, if possible, to save her life and procure her freedom.

They had no easy task to accomplish.—The station of the villain who had originated these evils; the difficulty of combating a white man for crimes perpetrated in private and without any legal evidence; the probable opposition of their own husbands; and the unconquerable prejudices of the whole mass of society around them, all were arrayed against their effort; but they determined to effect if possible, their benevolent design by union and perseverance. From whatever cause, whether political collisions, or dislike arising from personal disputation, or envy, some of their husbands manifested a willingness to aid their wives in their merciful object. The grand difficulty was this; to obtain such an acknowledgment of the facts from that destroyer of female happiness, that the ladies might be enabled to appeal to the governor with the assurance of success.

It was contrived, if practicable, to induce the wretch to visit the daughter of wo in her dungeon. This solicitation he steadfastly rejected. When, however, the time of her delivery approached, another attempt was made for that purpose; and he was asked whether he was willing that the poor creature, for in her agitated state, she might not survive the hour of nature's sorrow, should die without his pardon? This manœuvre was successful; and he promised at a certain hour to visit her, accompanied by some of those gentlemen whose wives had soothed the woman's anguish, and consoled her in her heavy affliction.

When the gentleman and the slave-driver arrived at the prison, to the manifest surprise of the latter, they found several ladies present, robed in all the sternness of matronly dignity and purity. After a little preliminary blustering, the woman scourger asked his slave; "Are you not sorry for having set fire to my property?" She feelingly replied, "I am very sorry for it." Some other unimportant remarks followed, when one of the ladies inquired; "What induced you to set fire to Mr. ——'s barn?" The colored woman then narrated the circumstances, precisely as she had before stated them. When she had finished, another lady remarked to this effect; "Such a hideous story cannot be true, you are only speaking falsely of your master." During this whole time, the ladies and their husbands were scrutinizing the varying features of the slave holder, and saw clearly enough the evidence of his guilt indelibly depicted on his countenance. The woman answered, "What I have said is all true, and master cannot deny it."

From this direct attack there was no escape. The woman torturer began to talk largely of his property, his power over his slaves, the dangerous impropriety of other persons interfering between the master and his coloured people, his right to manage his plantation as he pleased, the villainy which the woman had committed in burning his barn, and that he had done nothing more than all his neighbors always did, with a long strain of similar ungodliness. The persons present heard him to the end with great patience, and did not pretend to dispute any one of his most vile principles.—One of the ladies merely told him, that their sole object was to relieve an unfortunate creature in a very delicate condition, and under the sentence of the highest punishment which the law can inflict; and that the statement which she had made, if true, and they should fully believe it, unless he denied and disproved her account, so palliated her offence, that they should exert their influence with the governor for her pardon and release. The colored woman finding herself thus supported, solemnly reiterated the truth of her narrative, and defied her tormentor to deny its accuracy. Whether the man-stealer directly admitted the facts, as detailed by his victim, I do not remember; my impression is, that he substantially corroborated them; boldly pleading his rights, and that the female slaves ought thus to be subservient to their masters, for the benefit of the plantations, and to increase their attachment to their owners. As soon as the ladies retired from the prison, they devised their plan, and obtained an interview with the governor, who at once reversed the sentence of the law, and as a commutation for her sufferings, I think, in due legal form, immediately enrolled the emancipation of the victim of lust and cruelty.—*Bourne's Picture of Slavery.*

How Slavery is a sort of Family Government.

[From a Missionary in the West Indies.]

"A few years ago it was enacted that it should not be legal to transport once established slaves from one island to another; and a gentleman owner finding it advisable to do so before the act came in force, the removal of the great part of his *live stock* was the consequence.—He had a female slave, highly valuable to him, (and not less so for being the mother of eight or nine children,) whose husband was the property of another resident on the island, where I happened to be at the time. Their masters not agreeing on a sale, separation ensued, and I went to the beach to be an eye-witness of their behaviour in the greatest pang of all. One by one the man kissed his children, with the firmness of a hero, and blessing them, gave his last words, (oh! will it be believed, and have no influence on our veneration for the negro?) "*Farewell, be honest and obedient to your master!*" At length he had to take leave of his wife; there he stood, (I have it in my mind's eye at this moment,) five or six yards from the mother of his children, unable to move, speak, or do any thing but gaze, and still to gaze on the object of his long affection, soon to cross the blue wave forever from his aching sight. The fire of his eyes alone gave indication of the passion within, until, after some minutes, standing thus, he fell senseless on the sand, as if suddenly struck down by the hand of the Almighty;—nature could do no more; the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth, as if rushing from the terrors of the conflict within; and amid the confusion occasioned by the circumstance, the vessel bore off his family forever from the island! After some days he recovered and came to ask advice of *me!* What could an Englishman do in such a case? I felt the blood boiling within me, but I conquered; I brow-beat my own manhood, and gave him the *humblest* advice I could afford."

Let us remember that the American domestic slave trade causes such separations *by system*. Only the *strong* are *sold* to the South—the rest are retained as the *breeders*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

The Constitution and Slavery--No. 2.

MR EDITOR—

"We the People of the United States—to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves—do ordain and establish this Constitution."—The intent in framing and adopting the constitution then was to secure the "blessings of liberty" to those who formed it—and it will hardly be contended that *slavery* is among these "blessings"—or that those blessings can exist with Slavery. The constitution then did not intend to tolerate the slavery of any of "We the people" who "ordained" it.

"But" says Pro-slavery 'we the people' includes "not your negroes.—It meant white people—free people—it did not embrace slaves." I don't know what it meant, but by what it says. It says we *the* people—not a portion of the people—not those of one color, or one size—but "*the people*" of the United States—the men, women and children, and all of them. Who of all the *population* of the United States can be said not to be of "the *people*." What are people? The Dictionary says "Those who compose a community"—"the vulgar"—"the commonalty" "men, or persons in general." So says John Walker, a man not unacquainted with the tongue, in which these constitutionists wrote their national charter. Do the negroes, the mulattoes, the quarter hued, the whitish, the human beings of every complexion, who have now got to compose more than a fifth of our boasted 13,000,000, and who then numbered some hundred thousands, help "compose the community?" do they make a part of our "vulgar," our "commonality," "our persons in general?" What complexion must a man have, in order to be a member of "community?" What sort of hair makes a "man in general"—how thick can the lip of one of the 'vulgar' be—and how flat his nose?

"Oh, but," says Pro-slavery, "they could not have meant the niggers—they never meant them." But why not? "Oh because they never did, that's why—they never thought of ranking these 'woollies,' these 'darkies' among our free, white, glorious revolutionary fathers. We had no niggers among *our fathers*." May be so. "Not we, we have no negur blood in our veins." Whatever these snow white fathers *meant* in their hearts, they *said* "We the people." Their *words* mean *all* the people, and the Constitution contains nothing of them but their *words*. Whether they desired slavery, when they framed their charter of liberty, and meant to tolerate it, or inflict it in spite of their parchment, and their revolution, is not the question here. Meaning what they might, and wishing what they might, they wrote nothing down but the principles of universal liberty and equality. They did not dare write anything else. They would not have had the shameless assurance to let La Fayette see them write slavery, in a charter he had shed his blood for.

"Oh, but they never thought of including the negurs; they held slaves themselves, some of them, at the time." Well admit it, grant that the legal, constitutional signification of "We the people" excludes all the slaves. Look on a little further in this glorious preamble—"to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves," aye to our white selves; does it stop there? no—"and our posterity;" what do they mean by that? John Walker says the word means 'descendants.' "Ourselves and our descendants" then, if pro-slavery pleases: and where will you find the *descendants* of these white forefathers? In the rice swamp and the cane brake; on the auction platform and in the Brighton market at our democratic capitol, in the gloomy cotile, driven by other 'descendants,' (or by vagabonds from the despotisms of the old countries, fled here from justice,) from northern oppression to southern sacrifice! There you will find this 'posterity,' by scores, hundreds, and thousands, suffering under this Constitution or in spite of it, pains and wrongs and miseries, which have no name in human tongue; for when men constructed language they had no anticipation of any such uses for words, and made no provision for them; wrongs that would startle hell for their enormity, and give pause to the cruelty, that holds dominion there. Here are the 'posterity,' for whom these fathers were securing the 'blessings of liberty,' when they framed the Constitution. Is the oppression of these *descendants constitutional?* They make up the bulk of the slaves. White infamy and brutality has bleached out the honest and honorable shade that was dear to the plundered slave. They have robbed him even of his legitimate complexion.—They have not spared him even that.—To complete his destitution and degradation, they have made him *white!* Insult added to injury! and there toils the gang of the 'posterity' of the Fathers of the Revolution, reeking with the sweat of unrequited toil, and with the blood of undeserved infliction, and withal (in spite of this prospective provision of our glorious constitution,) as parti-colored and many hued as the barnyard of the patriarch, when he was making up his drove for a division with his churlish father-in-law.

HAMPDEN.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

Immediate Emancipation.

But are we to stop for all this process, [the process of colonization] which at best is but hypothetical, before any attempts shall be made at abolition? By no means. The time is come, when, for the safety of the nation, something efficient must be done *with* and *for* the slaves. To carry them off and provide for them abroad, would be as impracticable as the measure would be unjust. To emancipate, instruct, and enfranchise them, may be attended with difficulties. But this is our work—and who has authority to say as a true patriot, or a moralist, or as a christian, that it *shall not*, or that it *cannot* be done? No attempt has ever yet been made worthy either the dignity of a powerful christian nation, or the justice of the cause in question. The doctrine of 'impracticability and impossibility' cannot be demonstrated and should not be believed until all is done that can be done. If it can ever be accomplished, now appears to be the time for action. Investigation is the first measure in the plan of abolition. Discussion must go on fearlessly and steadily until a nation's sins shall be fully exposed to a nation's scrutiny. Show the claims of *justice, equity* and *humanity* as taught by *nature, scripture* and any *civil code* by which we ourselves would like to be governed.—Then see if there is not virtue, justice or moral courage sufficient in this powerful, this "free and independent," this christian nation to be *free* from hated Slavery. None will say that this cannot be done, who are willing to do all in their power to help on the cause. The great part of the nation already concede that justice requires it, as the hackneyed phrase is, "in the abstract," and one half of the States practice upon the principle for themselves, and should be willing to lend an efficient hand to their sisters in bonds, in restoring to active life a principle that for centuries has been lying in the cold and silent grave of abstract speculation. The help of all classes and both sexes, is both needed and earnestly solicited.—But here I anticipate an objection against facing into the ranks with abolitionists, not because they are opposed to the cause, but through fear of injuring the southern states. They seem to think that all abolitionists are enemies to the South. Against this imputation, all true abolitionists protest as being unjust and untrue. They are against *injustice* and *oppression* (principles no less adverse to a wise, civil policy in the state, than a pure morality in religion) whether found in the North or South. But I think it might be easily shown by some of your correspondents, who are acquainted with the condition of the South, that the effect of abolition would be to promote the true prosperity of the Southern States, as well as of the nation at large. Enfranchise two millions of slaves, and the South have so many more freemen. Is not that a blessing of itself? Would it not be a blessing in the event of war against a foreign invader? Would they not be entitled to a greater ratio of representation in the national legislature? Would they not be more free from the danger of riots and insurrections at home? Would not the price advance on their lands and real estate? Would not emigrants from other parts of the country be more likely to settle among them and find a quiet home? Would it not remove the occasion for political strife between the North and South, and thereby the union of both be much more likely to be preserved? Would not the gospel of salvation and the word of inspiration find their way to hundreds of thousands that are now perishing for lack of knowledge? Would not the confidence of the nation be increased in the protection and fostering care of the all-wise ruler of nations, who hath said, "I will recompense them according to their deeds and according to the works of their own hands?" And last not least, would not the consciences of all that shall have contributed according to their ability to bring about a nation's jubilee, be better satisfied during the toils of life, in the agonies of death, and under the scrutinizing examination of the 'Judge of all the earth' "in that day that shall try every man's works as by fire?"

S. NORRIS.

East Salisbury March 26, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

In glancing my eye over the nations and contemplating the moral darkness, degredation, and misery which is presented to our view on every side wherever we turn, my soul has panted for a general relief, a universal emancipation from physical, civil, and spiritual bondage. Yet it is proper for me to confess, that tho' the sight of my eyes, the hearing of my ears, has pained my heart, I have not been excited to all that zealous vigorous effort in the cause of christian philanthropy, which befits a disciple of Him who died to relieve the bondmen of sin.—But genuine love to man seeks to know his wants for the sake of promoting his welfare; it rests not in generalities nor satisfies itself with sighs and tears, but whilst beholding the greatness of the work to be done, and raising its fervent supplication for divine aid, it acts as if by an impulse from God himself in extending the hand of commiseration and help to the suffering poor, and raises its voice in vindication of rights despoiled. For myself, it is my desire to arise and stand in such a moral position, that every thought and every motion of this soul may be promotive of peace and joy to man, and glory to the Highest. Still I feel as a man, and would gladly meet the thousand responsibilities which rests upon me as a christian, and patriot, a fellow-being, a neighbor and brother to those in cruel bonds.

Slavery is a national sin, or rather a complex mass of direst abominations. The violation, the robbery of all their natural rights as men;—the brutal traffic in human beings as articles of merchandise;—the innumerable and cruel wounds by various methods inflicted;—the wicked, detestable disregard of female chastity and every female right;—the withholding from them the lamp of God's word, are surely no small offences against our fellow-men, no trifling sins against Him, who is their only rightful proprietor, but whose name they are provoked through our wickedness to blaspheme.

In concert with yourself, I would gladly raise my voice and ask of those, who love their country or their fellowmen, and have the reverence of Jehovah in their hearts;—of all would I ask—shall we seek to forget our national sins, and stop our ears at the cry of the poor? Shall we cry peace, peace, until God come in just vengeance, in his vindication of the oppressed? Or shall we in true acknowledgement of our deserts, ask for mercy at his hand, and receive timely warning from one of his prophets, who has said—'Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?'

In human sympathy and christian benevolence, your brother

D. E. JEWETT.

Letter from James G. Birney, Esq.

Danville, Ky. Feb. 3, 1835

EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY.—*My dear Brother.*—I returned, a few days since, from Frankfort, from which place my last letter to you was written. I heard whilst there most of the debates on the 'convention bill,' into which the subject of slavery and emancipation always entered. I conversed on these subjects with many of the members of the Legislature, as well as with other intelligent gentlemen from different parts of the state.—The conclusion to which my mind has been brought is this—that emancipation, in some form or another—in most instances however, in the crudest form imaginable—occupies the mind of this community, and that the feeling in favor of it is *growing*.—The gentlemen who opposed the 'convention bill,' in their replies to their opponents, so far as they had urged its passage on the score of emancipation, used much of the ordinary abuse of prejudiced minds and unrighteous tempers against the friends of freedom. They greatly vilified them, as fanatics, disturbers of the peace, visionary enthusiasts, &c. &c. I am not without hope, the subject of emancipation will be taken up in many parts of the state by the candidates for the next General Assembly of the State. Should this be so, I can entertain no doubt that the result will be a termination of slavery in some way or another. But our main reliance, dear brother, is upon those great principles of action that Christ has preached to his church. With the political action of political men, and the holy action of religious men, there is, here, no inconsistency that is irreconcilable. That the oppressor's reign should end, from *any* principle—should cause us to rejoice; but how much more, when it is effected by the elevated principles of holiness.

COLONIZATION AND 'AMERICAN UNION.'—Colonizationism is still occasionally thrown before the community, and all the Rabbis consult how it can be restored to life. I heard it openly discussed at Frankfort, in the annual address of the Kentucky Colonization Society, as an effectual means of freeing Kentucky from Slavery. The *modus operandi* was this:—4000 of the colored males and females, of 29 and 17 years of age (the most valuable period of their lives, as articles of commerce—their flesh being worth here from $4 to $5 per pound,) were to be transported to Africa each year, beginning *this* year. The cost of taking them from Kentucky to Liberia, was set down at $35 each, including *six months maintenance* after their arrival, making an aggregate of $140,000. Now, I would grant the speaker—by the by, a most honorable gentleman—all his premises, and ask him *who* will furnish *this* year, the 4000 slaves in the prime of life, whilst the slaver is pervading every corner of the state with money in his pocket? Who will furnish the $140,000?—*not more than half enough.* Have you any, the least hope of this? The cumulation of two years would make the concern totally unmanageable. Thus it is, dear sir, that whilst our dwelling is on fire, and a large and deep stream (abolition) is at hand, with an ample supply of buckets, at once to raise the water and extinguish it, our doctors, of all sorts and sizes, are discussing the capabilities of a distant engine, sending for it, and uttering learned lectures on its powers, its proportions, its materials, its beauty, its symmetry and its cost: before it can be made ready to play upon the flame, the house is a heap of smoking ruins.—When I see this course persevered in, it makes me almost despond, seeing that the judgments of God cannot be distant. If there is any thing that can add to the poignancy of this mental agony, it is the *honied* phrase in which the people of the north (doubtless intending friendship) speak to us. They tell us that the 'system of slavery in this country is *wrong*.' O, notable discovery! O, wonderful stretch of Jack the giant-killer, equipped in his seven-league boots! They are going to convince us that the system is wrong! We would be wrapped in equal amazement, if they would come to convince us that the sun shines. This has been acknowledged time out of mind. You may go through the gates of slavery into Kentucky, and pass through its thickening horrors, till you reach its *ultima Thule*, the sugar plantations of Louisiana; and with one acclaim from all, except the most *besotted minds*, the acknowledgment will be heard, the 'system' is wrong. But the 'system' is made up of the reported cruelties of *others*—our *own* enter not into it as a component part. It enters not into our heart to conceive that *our* course is not, somehow or another, an exception to the great rule by which all injustice and oppression is condemned. And will our Christian friends thus mock us? If they had begun one hundred years ago, with the very rudiment with which they now propose to begin, it might have been well. But, sir, *now*, slavery has attained its giant growth, it is impoverishing our country, breaking up our schools, effeminating our men, converting female amiableness into ungovernable fury, and bringing the judgments of God upon our churches, whose members and whose ministers live, and are supported in their ministry by the fruits of unrighteous exaction. Truly, sir, has it been said, if the churches destroy not slavery, slavery will destroy them. Do these, our friends, think that slavery is a stationary disease,—one in which a bread-pill may be harmlessly given, or in which experiments can be innocently tried? If they do, how greatly have they mistaken. Is not the slaveholder, even in

Kentucky, daily growing stronger? is there not rising up in this state, a 'West India' interest, citizens of Kentucky who have their plantations in Mississippi and Louisiana, whilst they reside here to keep up their stock, as well as to keep out of danger? is not this fair land polluted, not alone by the nightly tread, but by the fearless noon-day step of the slaver? and is he not preparing, every day, more and more shamelessly, shambles for human flesh, open marts for the bodies and souls of men? Sir, sir, my soul is moved within me, when I see such quacks as 'Desire-to-conciliate' and 'Fear-of-prejudice' ministering to a patient when life is fast ebbing, and death stands ready at the door. Believe me, the *truth* is a weapon too heavy for them to wield,—a remedy whose operation they have not the courage to behold. At the same time, it is nothing but the truth, the naked, unvarnished *truth*, that will do.

What Northern Churches can do.—I am more and more convinced, from many of the proceedings at the north, that they are, in the main, ignorant of the slaveholder's *tenacity*, and of the moral obliquities that slavery has produced in him. Of this I feel confident, that nothing but the most tremendous mental shock, nothing short of the fears of hell, will make him resign his hold. Let me explain by a supposed case: All the protestant churches in the free states, say, are anti-slavery, viewing slavery as inconsistent with Christianity; a slaveholding minister from the south is among you on a visit. You do not invite him to preach in your pulpits, and you prohibit him from partaking with you the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The reason to be assigned to him calmly and kindly. The same course to be pursued with a lay member. Here, sir, is the kind of *shock* I mean. Where could he go? What could he do? *You* have '*power, moral power, on your side*'—and he, like his poor slave at home, 'has no comforter.' I do verily believe that *union* like this among the northern churches, would be the strongest lever that could be used, for the peaceable and happy termination of slavery. It would compel men to 'consider their ways,' confess their faults to their brethren, and if they are Christ's, to repent and humble themselves before God.

And now, dear brother, remember all my trials, temptations, and sorrows (they are very many,) when you go before our heavenly Father. May he love us both with an everlasting love.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

Mr. Lewis Tappan, New-York.

The meliocation of Slavery, impracticable except in order to its Abolition.

Now, Sir, in adverting to the object of this meeting, I am desirous to declare my firm opinion that it is the *abolition* of Slavery we must seek, and that all attempts to ameliorate the condition of the Slaves, unless the ultimate result be the entire abolition of the state itself, will prove vain and perplexing. It is my firm conviction, after much and anxious diliberation on the subject, that the power has not been given by God to man of framing a code of Slavery. I believe it to be impossible, if all were actuated by the best dispositions and the best feelings,—I believe it to be impossible to frame a system of Slave Laws in which injustice, oppression and abuse would not of necessity exist. The truth is, sir, that when God made men, he made them not to be slaves; and if we examine the subject even with the slightest degree of care, we shall be forced to acknowledge the truth of this proposition.—How is it possible to regulate, by any code of law whatever, in a state of Slavery such as exists in our Colonies, the connexion which subsists between husband and wife—between father and son—between brother and sister? How, indeed, in any system of slavery is it possible, by law, to prevent all those best feelings and affections of our nature, which arise out of the relations, from being daily violated and weakened, if not ultimately destroyed? How can the affections of the parent for his children, and the desire to rear them up to a infancy to manhood and to womanhood, in virtue—in honor—honesty and truth,—how can such sentiments be cherished, so as to produce their proper fruit, when these children remain at the mercy of another, exposed to his violence and caprice—exposed to ill usage without cause—exposed to all the numberless violations of decency and of virtue which have ever been, and ever will be, the effects of a state of slavery? Slavery has never existed in the world, or in any quarter of it, either before Christianity or since, in which the vices of the slaves, and the vices of the master in his conduct towards the slaves, have not formed prominent and characteristic features of the history of the times which were polluted by its prevalence. I say the vices of the masters—for let it not be supposed that all the vices and all the crimes incident to this unhappy state fall to the lot of the slave alone. The mind of the master, cursed with the possession of despotic power, becomes debased and hardened.—Those principles which would have flourished in a better soil, and in a purer atmosphere, are perverted or eradicated by the very possession of such boundless power, and by the scenes of degradation to which he sees its hapless victims daily subjected. I remember, sir, an admirable passage in one of Lord Grenville's speeches on the abolition of the slave trade, which applies most forcibly to the present case. He was answering one of those arguments which had been so often adduced by the advocates of that traffic, namely, that the barbarities of the slave trade must have been greatly exaggerated, because Englishmen, famed for their humanity, could not have been present, could not have perpetrated, nay, could not have endured them; and after he had refuted that specious argument, by proving the facts to demonstration, he then added, "I would not trust myself if similarly circumstanced—I know that the human mind is so framed, that it becomes contaminated by the repetition of vice in its presence—I know that if cruelty be repeated daily before my eyes, my feelings would be hardened and my sense of their barbarity weakened!" Thus it is; and in the common experience of us all, we know that which we daily see produces less and less effect, until at last the mind becomes totally corrupted by the daily spectacle of that which, when seen for the first time, excites alarm and indignation, and from which we turn with the deepest abhorrence. Sir, with respect to the means by which these great objects are to be obtained, I conceive that the first point is to raise the condition of the slave himself, so as to prepare (?) him for freedom with as much expedition as possible. It is not a question of expense—it is not a question of commercial benefit: the simple question is, how we can most speedily make amends for our long perseverance in a course of crime—how we can with the greatest facility relieve the British name and character from the pollution and the odium of this detestable system. I think no sacrifice too great, I think no measure too precipitate, which can produce as speedily as possible the great end to be attained.—*Dr. Lushington before the British Anti Slavery Society*, 1824.

The conflicting interests of free and slave-labor, furnish the only ground for fear in relation to the permanency of the Union. The line of separation between them is day by day growing broader and deeper; geographically and politically united, we are already, in a moral point of view, a divided people. But a few months ago we were on the very verge of civil war, a war of brothers—a war between the North and the South,—between the slave-holder and the free laborer.—*Whittier.*

[From the Vt. State Journal.]

Emancipation.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

Gentlemen,—I forward you for insertion in your paper, if agreeable to you, the following extract of a letter received by me from a gentleman now resident in the West Indies, dated "Barbadoes, March 3, 1835." The writer of the letter was lately a resident in this place, in the practice of the law, and is a member of the orthodox church. He is a man of judgment and observation, and his statements may be fully relied on. They certainly are of a very interesting character, conveying what we want most of all, practical information on the subject of emancipation.

Query. Would the adoption of the same measures in regard to the abolition of slavery in the United States, that have been practiced in the British West Indies produce the same result? Supposing of course they should be adopted, by the consent of the Southern States, for they can be on no other ground. If so, is not that the object we should aim at, (viz. to emancipate all the slaves, leaving it for them to decide whether to remain here or go to Africa) by the circulation of information, the free discussion of the subject, and by all possible means endeavor to produce a *revolution!*—not a political one—but in the feelings and opinions of the slaveholders! PHILANTHROPOS.

Brattleboro', April 2, 1835.

EXTRACT.

"These islands are at present in a very interesting state, on account of the abolition of slavery. I have seen occasional notices of this state of things, in American papers, and I cannot but wonder at, and regret the delusion which prevails respecting the actual truth. I wish it were possible to show to all the inhabitants of the United States, particularly Christians, the demonstration now exhibiting in the West Indies, that *abolition is practicable*, safe, and *immediately* beneficial to all concerned. There were in this island (20 miles by 12) on the first of August last, 80,000 slaves. Of the other inhabitants, say 40,000, probably not over 10,000 are white. Here then, if any where, emancipation ought to show its bad features, especially when we consider that the negroes on this island have always been held as the worst in the West Indies. What, then is the result *here?* I speak what I *know* to be the general view, when I say the state of things in town and country is so good—there is such industry, sobriety and order among the whole black population, as to have effected a total revolution in the views of nearly all who once fought against emancipation step by step. I have never been in a community where there was a more cordial agreement upon an important subject that there is in all these islands in favor of emancipation. Blessed be God, "Who has made of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the earth," this great experiment of doing justice to an oppressed people is successful. The greatest exertions are now making to enlighten and educate the blacks. A single school across the street from our boarding house, has 148 boys; and I have visited an estate on which alone there are ninety-six children at school. These are only specimens of what is going on every where. O my dear sir, may you and I, and all who profess the religion of Him whose service is perfect freedom, pray for our dear native land, that the eyes of her people may be opened to the enormity of the evil which they are cherishing, and that their hands may be *willingly* unclasped from the victims of their oppression. If ever you hear any one speak of the *danger* of emancipation, point them to *all* the West India Islands, where the blacks are to the whites as ten to one, and where I would as soon sleep with open doors as I would in any town on the banks of Connecticut river.

"The state of religion, though far below what is seen in New England, is said to be greatly improving in these islands. *Trinidad*, [where he spent a month] is mostly inhabited by French and Spanish Catholics, and there you will see military parades on Sunday, and all other things to correspond; but in all the other islands things are different. Concubinage has been and to a certain extent is still fashionable everywhere in the islands; but clergymen are preaching strongly against it, and there is an evident shrinking of those who practice it, from public notice. Oh, when I see what is the state of morals prevalent in those islands, (the fruits of slavery more than any thing else) how my heart swells with gratitude for New England revivals, Sabbath Schools, and all the system of religious privileges, with which she abounds."

CIRCULAR

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Christian Brethren:—Two millions and and nearly three hundred thousand human beings, one-sixth of our entire population, are held in bondage in the United States.

Slavery viewed in every aspect and under all circumstances, is inconsistent with justice, humanity and religion.

The *evils* of Slavery, to the slave and to the master; to the communities where it exists, and to the whole nation; to the morals of the slave states, and the piety of the churches, are numerous and appalling.

The *fruit* of the system is, a traffic, both foreign and domestic, in the 'persons of men.'

The *consequence* of the system, will inevitably be, if persisted in, national retribution.

The friends of emanciparion contemplate these facts with the deepest grief and alarm. It is certain, indeed, that the day will come when the last chain shall fall from the hands of the slave; but how long it is to be deferred, and whether it shall be ushered in peacefully, are questions which remain to be decided. There is room, surely, for serious and fearful apprehension on this subject. It is acknowledged by all, that slavery must cease. But it may be in judgment to our guilty country. Is it not then incumbent on Christians, in order to secure its speedy and peaceful termination, to be *agreed touching this thing*, and to take the attitude of humble prostration at the mercy seat?

Actuated by these views and feelings, several individuals and societies, have urged upon the consideration of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the expediency of proposing the observance of a day of fasting and prayer, for the *speedy and peaceful termination* of Slavery in the United States, and throughout the world.

In compliance with the urgent request of the people, the society heartily approving the measure, and entertaining a deep sense of dependance on God, have determined to recommend to Christians of all Denominations in this State, who believe that the existence of Slavery demands humiliation and prayer, the observance of a day for this specific purpose.

They hope, and confidently believe, that the measure proposed by this Society to the churches of Massachusetts, will arrest the attention of Anti-Slavery Societies, and of Clerical and Ecclesiastical bodies in other States, and result in the adoption of similar measures to secure the observance of the day in their respective limits, and throughout the Union. And they take the liberty to invite the co-operation of State, County and Town Anti-Slavery Societies, and of all Clerical and Eclesiastical bodies, and to request individuals friendly to the object, to introduce it to the attention of public meetings, whenever, in their judgment, it may be proper.

They have it also in contemplation, knowing that the heart of British Christians are deeply anxious for the cessation of Slavery in this country, to inform them of this appointment, and to extend to them an invitation to remember the oppressed in our land; especially on that day, when, as we hope, our churches will unitedly supplicate God's mercy, and pray for the deliverance of the nation from merited judgments.

The day proposed, is *Thursday, the twenty fifth day of June next.*

Without presuming to dictate as to the mode of its observance, we earnestly request christian ministers to hold at least one public meeting, and to make such communications to their people, on the subject of slavery, as will tend directly to awaken a spirit of prayer, and best secure the objects of the day.

In behalf of the Board of Managers, we take the liberty to commend the subject to the attention of churches, ministers, and clerical bodies in this State, for reasons which are worthy of serious consideration.

1. It is *safe* to pray.
2. It is a duty to pray. Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.
3. It is scriptural to pray with fasting.
4. It is no innovation upon the practice of Christian churches, to observe a day of fasting and prayer for a specific object.
5. All Christians are professedly opposed to Slavery. We confidently expect the co-operation of such as sincerely desire its speedy and peaceful termination.
6. The slaves *need* the prayers of the churches. A southern Presbytery have recently declared publicly that the slaves are *heathen*.
7. The *masters* need the prayers of the churches. God alone can incline them to do justly.

Finally. The providences of God plainly indicate the necessity of a speedy national repentance for the sin of slavery.

It is vain to deny that national judgments are impending. Christians begin to open their eyes to the danger, and to feel that it can be averted only by repentance.

It is equally vain to affirm that the guilt of slavery is in no degree chargeable to the people of the North. Have they remembered the slave *as bound with him?* And are they not still more *directly* implicated in the sin? The Congress of the United States have the power to give liberty to twenty-six thousand human beings, in the District of Columbia and in the Territories, within the limits of their jurisdiction. Is it possible in the face of these facts, to deny that slavery is a national sin, requiring national repentance?

God evidently has a controversy with the churches. They are trembling with apprehension respecting the prospects of their beloved country; and the voice of his providences is heard, calling upon them to implore his mercy, and to cry, *Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach.* But this is not all. Recent events have darkened the prospects of the church in regard to her missionary labors. We were expecting Ethiopia to stretch forth her hands unto God, and the isles to wait for his law: we looked for the multitude of the camels, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; for the gold and the incense; for the flocks of Kedar and the rams of Nebaioth: we looked for the abundance of the sea, and the forces of the Gentiles, and the sons of strangers to build the walls of Zion, and to call her the city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel; but almost every breeze brings to our ears unwelcome and afflictive tidings. Let us study God's providences, and search out the sins of the church, that have provoked him to anger. I *have somewhat against thee*, is their language. *Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear; for your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; now calleth for justice, nor pleadeth for truth.* Is it not a fact worthy of some notice, that the earnings of slave labor are cast into Christ's treasury? And that the missionaries of the Cross are, in part, sustained by the wages of unrighteous exaction. It is certainly a proper subject of inquiry, whether a God who requires justice of his people, will convert the world to a slaveholding Christianity, or by means of contributions extorted from the bones and muscles of human beings.

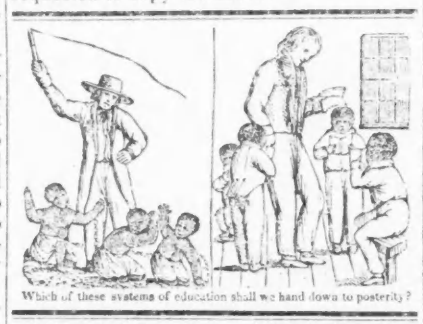
We commend the subject to your attention, brethren; believing, that in the measure proposed, we have the approbation of the Great Head of the Church, and the express sanction of the word of Inspiration; and that by hearty repentance and fervant prayer, on the part of the churches, the object so near to our hearts, will be speedily and happily accomplished; the slave delivered, and the nation saved from impending calamity. The basis of our hope is the promise of Almighty God: '*Is not this the fast that I have chosen; to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of the Lord shall be thy re-reward. Then shall thou call and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say Here I am.*

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society:

WILLIAM TWINING,
E. M. P. WELLS,
BARON STOW,
} *Committee.*

Boston, April 4, 1835.

☞Editors of religious and other periodicals, friendly to the object, are respectfully requested to copy the above.



Which of these systems of education shall we hand down to posterity?

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: APRIL 18, 1835.

All men are created equal; are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.

DECLARATION OF 1776.

All men are born equally free and independent: and have certain, natural, essential and inherent rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and LIBERTY; acquiring, possessing and protecting property.—CONSTITUTION OF N. H.

Liberia and the Slave Trade.

"It [the colony] has caused the slave trade to cease for many hundred miles on the coast."—*N. H. Obs.*

We are not aware from what source the editor of the above paper received his information concerning the influence of the African colony; but we are disposed to call in question the truth of the assertion till we can see proofs. That it 'has caused the slave trade to cease' we cannot believe. We wish most heartily that such might be the effect, but till an entire change is made in that colony we cannot expect it. The people who compose it, are too avaricious and unprincipled to aid in the extermination of this abominable traffic. We should not be surprised if they are at the present time aiding and abetting its extension. Indeed we have good reason to believe such to be the fact. We know that the trade in human flesh is now extensively carried on between the United States and Africa: that thousands of negroes are stolen yearly from the coast of that unhappy country, and brought into the slave market at New-Orleans, &c. From the number of slave ships taken by the British cruisers,* we may judge partially what number are engaged. Now if the editor of the Observer will allow the following to be good authority, we certainly are justified in asserting what we have.

"Some appalling facts in regard to the slave trade have come to the knowledge of the Board of Managers during the last year. With *undiminished* atrocity and activity is this odious traffic now carried on all along the African coast. Slave factories are established in the *immediate vicinity* of the colony; and at the Gallinas (between Liberia and Sirra Leone) not less than NINE HUNDRED SLAVES were shipped during the last summer in the *space of three weeks.*"—*14th An. Rep. of the Col. Soc.*

Slave Trade—Sierre Leone.—"A document printed by order of the House of Commons, contains official evidence of the fact, that the pirates engaged in the African slave trade, are supplied from the stores of Sierra Leone and Liberia, with such articles as the infernal traffic demands.—*April* 6, 1832.

From that report we gather the following facts. Chief Justice Jeffcott of Sierra Leone in a charge to the jury delivered in 1830 makes the following assertion: "This colony established for the *express purpose* of suppressing this vile traffic is made a *mart for carrying it on.*" Farther on we find that "Mr. Hillary Teague, who resides at the *American settlement at Liberia*, at Cape Messurado, near the Gallinas, and who trades between *that* place (Gallinas, a slave factory) and Sierra Leone, purchasing some goods from Mr. Lake, a merchant in that colony, produced a bag containing about one thousand dollars, on which was marked the name of the Spanish schooner Manzanares. This vessel took in her cargo at Gallinas and was subsequently condemned as a *slave ship.*" "Here we find a colonist of Liberia" says Judge Jay, "trading at a *slave factory*, and afterwards exhibiting $1000 in specie, in all human probability received from a slave ship." In the English Monthly Review for May 1833 we find the following: "One of the school masters in Sierra Leone has been tried for *selling some of his scholars.* There were lately upwards of one hundred liberated Africans *kidnapped* from Sierra Leone and conveyed to a place near the mouth of the river Pongas. Here they were detained, till an opportunity arrived for re-shipping them as slaves."

From a statement made by Mr. E. Cresson, at a late Colonization meeting in Philadelphia, we learn that no less than *five hundred* slaves were shipped during one month (last October) from Bassa Cove a port of Liberia.

"The cursed practice of slave trading, I regret to say, is still carried on *between this and Sierra Leone.*"—*Letter of Rev. Mr. Cox: Monrovia* 1833. *Af. Rep. ix.* 252.

This is evidence we have no reason to dispute; and if we believe it, what must be our conclusions? We say it, not in triumph, but with heart-felt sorrow, that the colony of Liberia, instead of causing 'the slave trade to cease for many hundred miles' has aided in extending it, and that the people of New-England, in supporting the Colonization Society, have ministered unwittingly to the facilities of that abominable traffic. †

And as to the talk about abolishing the foreign slave trade by planting colonies in Africa, it is utterly idle. We may establish a chain of colonies from the straits of Gibralter to the Cape of Good Hope and from thence along, the eastern coast to Suez, and the trade will continue. So long as there is a market for slaves, so long will the man-stealer carry on his accursed trade. The efforts of all Christendom cannot prevent him. His cupidity will outvie their benevolence, and with the mandate of outlawry against him, he will hazard, like other pirates, his life, to gratify his insatiable passion. We must begin at home. We must abolish slavery, if we would abolish the slave trade. They will live and die together. Nor can we see why Americans should make such ado about the foreign slave trade, when they passively permit, within their own borders, a traffic none the less terrible and wicked than that which is carried on across the Atlantic. Latitude and longitude cannot change the character of a trade, nor can *law*, however fortified by custom and public sentiment, alter one tittle the enormity of man-stealing. Circumstances may modify its hue, but crime is crime, whether it be committed in the republic of the United States or under the eye of the Emperor Nicholas. We should like to hear our modern philosophers explain the difference between stealing a man from the district of Columbia and stealing one from the more distant shores of Africa. It would be capital ethics.

* Can any one inform us if an American cruiser ever captured a slave ship?

† "The fort erected there was going to ruin, and the flag-staff had rotted away and been down three or four months and there was not moral force enough in the colony to replace it."—*Rev. Mr. Bacon, Col. Meeting at Washington*, 1834.

Yet this is the colony, without moral force enough to replace a flag-staff, which "has caused the slave trade to cease for many [how many?] hundred miles along the coast!"

Text.

"New England, almost to a man, is united in abhorrence of Slavery."—*N. H. Obs.*

"New England, it is well known, is in principle and practice opposed to slavery."—*Pres. W. Fisk.*

Commentary.

"And I appeal to the Southern gentleman for the truth of the remarkable fact, that the emigrants from the North to the South, are as ready to become *masters*, as any who are hereditary masters."—*Speech of Mr. Wise on the petitions presented by Mr. Dickson for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.*

There is a minister born and educated in New Hampshire, that now owns a plantation near Natches of THREE HUNDRED slaves. Query. Is this minister a true follower of Christ?

DISORGANIZING.

"But they will threaten! Well, let them threaten. If the Union cannot be preserved except on the condition that the people of the United States shall furnish accommodations at the seat of government for the more convenient prosecution of the slave trade, and shall keep, for the incarceration of victims guilty of no crime, the most horrible prisons that there are this side of Tartarus,—if the Union must be dissolved unless the people will agree that at the Federal Metropolis freemen shall be imprisoned as slaves until they prove their freedom, and having proved themselves free shall be sold as slaves to pay for the expense of their own imprisonment—THEN LET THE UNION BE DISSOLVED."

The above we find, not in the Liberator, nor Emancipator, but in the Journal of Freedom, a Colonization paper published at New-Haven.—We qnote it, not for the purpose of denouncing it as 'incendiary,' or 'reckless,' (for we do not consider it such,) but merely to show how good men will give vent to their feelings, when wrought up by a full view of the horrors of man-stealing. We are glad to see such an expression from such a source. The editor is evidently coming up *gradually* to the doctrines of *immediate* action and *immediate* emancipation; and we trust that with him he will carry the good people of Con-

necticut, unless they should happen, peradventure, to take the lead and arrive at the goal of Truth first, which they may do without much effort. Such a sentiment as this uttered by Mr. Bacon, would hardly have found place in a colonization print five years since, and its admission now illustrates plainly the progress of anti-slavery principles. It shows that public opinion at the North is becoming more enlightened and decided, with regard to the duty and right of interferance on the great question of slavery. It has been said heretofore, and that too by such men as Mr. Bacon, that the North had nothing to do with slavery, that it was a question that belonged entirely to the South; that it implicated no one else and no one else should intermeddle with it. It has been said that the abolitionists, in agitating the subject of slavery, 'were meddling with matters emphatically other men's.' They have been branded as 'disorganizers,' 'disunionists,' 'reckless fanatics,' because they expressed in terms not more strong than those quoted above, their utter abhorrence of slavery and their determination to act *morally* upon the several States, and *politically* in those territories under the jurisdiction of Congress; because they set up on their standard, not the head of Garrison, but the inscription, IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION: *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

But now we see things changing. We hear people giving utterance to sentiments equally disorganizing, equally rash with those they formerly denounced. Why is it so? *People are thinking for themselves.*. They begin to find the more they yield, the more they are obliged to yield. They begin to see that dear as union is, there are other things still dearer. They begin to see that the 'same God that commands them to preserve the Union,' commands them also "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke." They begin to feel that the vulture which is preying upon the heart of this nation, which is battening on our religion, and our civil and political institutions, is far more to be dreaded, than the vague shadow of the lion, which selfish fears have conjured up in the path of duty. They begin to see that whatever evils may attend emancipation, horrors, three-fold, wait upon the continuance of the accursed system of slavery. The Truth, burning like a living coal, is coming home to their bosoms. It is teaching them that the rights of generation after generation of their brethren, are not to be bartered away for Southern promises, nor yielded up tamely to Southern threats. It is teaching them that the Union of the States, however precious it may be to every American, (and it should be very precious) is not to be purchased with the price of blood, is not to be perpetuated by a sacrifice of principle, is not to be made a sacred ægis to a system of unqualified outrage and wrong. They love the Union, as does every abolitionist. They heartily desire its continuance; but for the sake of it they would not compromise the sacred and inalienable rights of humanity, the everlasting and immutable demands of God. Between a present great evil, an evil which is pressing upon the moral energies of this country like the burden of death, and a contingent, uncertain less one, they are, like wise men, choosing the latter. The question has not yet arrived whether we will have slavery or disunion, nor do we believe it ever will arrive. There may and will be blustering and threats, but such things from the South are not very serious affairs. The people of the North have become habituated to them, and they have now no influence on our cold, calm blood. The pulse is not quickened, nor our spleen at all excited. They are not the prelude but the termination of harsh turmoils. Words are not the names of things among our Southern brethren. They have a burning store of rhetoric within them, and they must part with it or be consumed. Accordingly they are privileged to let it off occasionally as one would let off steam from a high pressure boiler. They haye a keen sense of honor and justice, and in their calmer moments will listen kindly and candidly to moral suasion. They may blow flames occasionally, but they will never scathe a real friend; and if a man goes to them in love, they will concede to him all that strict truth can demand. They never will call upon the North to decide between such a couplet of absurd propositions as slavery and union, emancipation and disunion. But should such a decision be called for, we should hesitate not a moment. We would cleave to justice, though there should be a dissolution, not only of the Union, but of the heavens. At present, however, we have only to go forward with christian kindness and forbearance, and christian fortitude, knowing that the cause of righteousness shall prevail, not through human strength, but through the power of the living God.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

FACTS.

A respectable minister of New Hampshire, a Colonizationist, who has shown much commendable zeal for the poor heathen of Asia, and who has often aided in contributions for foreign missions, in conversation with a gentleman who remarked that the subject of slavery in our country should not be overlooked by the people of the North in their christian and benevolent enterprizes, is said to have exclaimed, "Slavery, what have *we* to do with Slavery? They have slaves at the South, let the South take care of their own slaves." Misguided man! is this the religion of HIM, who taught us to regard all men as our brethren? who requires of its professors, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you; do ye even so to them?" What success would this gentleman have in collecting money for foreign missions, if those to whom he should apply for their contributions, should say, "The Heathen, what have we to do with the Heathen of Asia? Let Asia take care of her own heathen." Wherever we find a spirit like this, which careth not for the woes and sufferings of brethren and sisters of the human race, and especially for those of our own country, we may justly fear that he who exhibits it, though he "may speak with the tongues of men and of angels," hath not that love which the gospel requires—that "the spirit of Christ is none of his."

A layman in this State who has filled the office of Counsellor and who has been a candidate for member of Congress, in lately expressing his opinion of the capacity and intellect of the Slaves in this country, remarked that there was no difference between the Slaves of the South and our cattle and horses at the North, excepting that the former went on two legs while the latter went upon four. And yet says the N. H. Observer, 'We do not believe there exists any *wicked prijudice*;' and Dr. Fisk says, "New England, it is well known, is in principle and practice, opposed to Slavery."

The prejudice against the Anti-Slavery cause among many good men may be conceived by the following declaration of a worthy minister to an Anti-Slavery Agent, "I am afraid to read your pamphlets," said he, "lest I should be obliged to come over." He finally did read, and he is now an Abolitionist.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

As it should be.

MR. EDITOR;—It appears by the papers, that the Congregational church in Acton, Mass. Rev. J. T Woodbury, Pastor, has adopted the following 'standing rule and regulation.'

"That we will not admit to our pulpit, nor to membership, nor invite to our communion table, any individual who is a slaveholder, or who traffics in human beings."

Now, Mr. Editor, this, in my opinion, is *just as it should be*. Slave holding is a *sin;* —it robs God, who has said, all souls are *mine:*—but the slaveholder says, no! they are *my property!* "Give me thine heart," saith Jehovah; not so! saith the slaveholder; give me *soul and body both;* I will let you *know who your master is!* Slaveholding robs the poor, by wresting from him by violence his person, his wife, his children, the fruits of his labor, the lamp of life, the Bible; and in short it robs the slave of all that makes life desirable. And shall men guilty of these heaven daring sins, be admitted to our pulpits?!! to membership in the church of the meek and lowly Jesus?!! to the communion table! of him who said, "Be not ye called masters?"

I say again the Congregational church in Acton have done *just as it should be:*—let every church in the land "*Go and do likewise.*" Let "slaveholders of whatever rank or degree" know, that in the estimation of the church, "*men buyers are exactly on a level with men stealers.*"[Wesley] When the church generally, shall take this high and holy ground no doubt "The devil will come down in great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time" to keep up one of the main pillars of his kingdom, *slavery.* G. S.

Concord, March 17th, 1835.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

The Wanderer.

MR. EDITOR:—Some twenty years since, a decently clad colored man called one evening at a dwelling in New Hampshire, the master of which was not wont to drive the houseless wanderer from his door, and civilly solicited lodging for the night. His request being answered in the affirmative, after taking refreshment, he spent the evening in relating to the listening family such a tale of woe as they were unaccustomed to hear, exhibiting such evidence of truth and sincerity in his narration, as rendered it deeply interesting to his auditors, and left on the minds of the younger portion especially, an impression which to this day has not been effaced. His deportment was civil, he was comparatively intelligent, and his language, if not *pure English*, was sufficiently so to convey his ideas in a distinct manner. He said he was a slave from Virginia, and had happily found means to escape from a cruel master, to whom he had for several years been coachman. He had been treated with great inhumanity, and flogged severely for the most trifling offence. His master kept six beautiful horses, and it was his business to attend them and keep them clean. Every day he must wash them and dry them very nicely, and step aside when 'massa' came in to inspect them. 'Massa' would take out his fine white handkerchief and rub it over one of the horses, and if it was in the least soiled, he would call "William!" in an appalling tone of voice, for then William knew what was coming. He must step forward, and receive a severe lashing. "Massa," he said, "was bad man, but Misse good woman, she read her Bible and go to meeting, and teach William.—One day Misse sat reading her Bible, Massa come in, catch out of her lap, swear terribly, and throw it into the fire." His master lived ninety miles from Baltimore, and always rode to that city with his six horses without "putting up," as William expressed it.—But "Misse" went there with only four horses, nor would she unfeelingly compel them and her coachman to perform the journey without a night's rest on the way.

Poor William had come all the way from Virginia in a state of continual fear and alarm, and even in New Hampshire could not think himself safe from his pursuers.—His object seemed to be to get into Canada, where he supposed the vigilance of his tyrannical and revengeful master, would not be able to detect him. When he departed in the morning with the blessings and kindest wishes of the family, he was observed by some of them who looked after him, to be frequently turning his face back, as if he feared every moment to be overtaken by an enemy.

After his departure, a young female of the family, whose sympathies had been excited by his artless story, penned the following lines, which are sent you, Mr. Editor, least of all, for their *poetic merit*.

Go, William go, and O may He,
Who "made all nations of one blood,"
And cares alike for thee and me,
Bless and watch over thee for good.

For William, all good souls are white,
(The soul's the thinking thing within.)
But all the bad are black as night,
Though hid beneath the fairest skin.

And where the soul is fair within,
It shines, e'en through the darkest face;
But where 't is not, the whitest skin
Cannot conceal the sad disgrace.

Then William, strive to seek the Lord,
For he can wash thy soul from sin
By His pure, sanctifying Word,
And keep thy heart and conscience clean.

Farewell! may the Almighty Hand
Support and keep thee every where!
And if I reach the better land,
O William, may I meet thee there!

Oppression of the Free Blacks.

In South Carolina, if a free negro "entertains" a runaway slave, he forfeits ten pounds, and if unable to pay the fine, which must be the case ninety-nine times in a hundred, he is to be sold as a slave for life. In 1827 a *free woman and her three children* were thus sold, for harboring two slave children.

In Mississippi every negro or mulatto, not being able to *prove* himself free, may be sold as a slave. Should the certificate of his manumission or the evidence of his parent's freedom be lost or stolen, he is reduced to hopeless bondage. This provision extends to most of the slave States, and is in full operation in the District of Columbia.

In South-Carolina, any assembly of free negroes, even in the presence of white persons, "in a confined or secret place for the purpose of *mental instruction*," is an unlawful assembly, and may be dispersed by a magistrate, who is authorized to inflict twenty lashes on each free negro attending the meeting.

In the city of Savannah, *any person* who teaches a free negro to read or write, incurs a penalty of thirty dollars. Of course a father may not educate his own children.

In Maryland, a Justice of the Peace may order a free negro's ears to be cut off for striking a *white* man. In Kentucky, for the same offence, he is to receive thirty lashes, "well laid on." The law of Louisiana declares, "Free people of color ought never to insult or strike *white* people, nor presume to conceive themselves equal to the whites; but, on the contrary, *they ought to yield to them on every occasion*, and never to speak or answer them but with respect, under the penalty of imprisonment according to the nature of the case."

The corporation of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, passed an ordinance making it penal for any free negro *to receive from the post-office, have in his passession*, or circulate any publication or writing whatsoever of a *seditious* character.

In North-Carolina, the law prohibits a free colored man, whatever may be his attainments or ecclesiastical authority, to preach the gospel.

In Georgia, a white man is liable to a fine of *five hundred dollars* for teaching a free negro to read or write. If one free negro teach another, he is to be *fined* and *whipped* at the discretion of the court! Should a free negro presume to preach to, or exhort his companions, he may be seized without warrant, and whipped thirty-nine lashes, and the same number of lashes may be applied to each one of his congregation.

In Virginia, should free negroes or their children assemble at a school to learn reading and writing, any Justice of the Peace may dismiss the school with twenty stripes on the back of each pupil.

In some States, free negroes may not assemble together for any purpose to a greater number than *seven*. In North-Carolina, free negroes may not trade, buy, or sell, out of the cities or towns in which they reside, under the penalty of forfeiting their goods, and receiving in lieu thereof thirty-nine lashes.

The laws of Ohio against the free blacks are peculiarly detestable, because not originating from the fears and prejudices of slave holders. Not only are the blacks excluded in that State from the benefit of public schools, but with a refinement of cruelty unparalleled, they are doomed to idleness and poverty, by a law which renders a white man who employs a colored one to labor for him one hour, liable for his support through life!!

By a late law of Maryland, a free negro coming into the State, is liable to a fine of fifty dollars for every week he remains in it. If he cannot pay the fine he is SOLD.

In Louisiana, the penalty for instructing a free black in a *Sunday School*, is, for the first offence, five hundred dollars; for the second offence, DEATH!!—*Judge Jay.*

Now in view of the damning oppression, exposed in the above extracts, we would ask every American citizen, whether he be born at the North or the South, every christian and philanthropist, under whatever banner they may have arrayed themselves, every man, woman and child, of whatever hue or condition, if *we* have no duty to perform? We would ask them in the name of all that is holy and just, of all that can influence the heart or sway the judgment, if we are to sit calmly and silently, while our colored brethren, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, are thus writhing beneath the iron grasp of the merciless, passion-scathed tyrant? Have we nothing to do—can we have nothing to do with *such* a slavery? It makes one's blood boil along his veins to see humanity thus crushed. It makes the cheek tingle with shame at the hypocrisy and inconsistency of a republican and CHRISTIAN nation. A land of freedom! such laws would disgrace any despotism on earth. Such laws the Greeks and the Poles never felt. Such laws the basest serf in Russia never experienced. Do we wonder at the debasement, the degradation of the negro? Do we talk of his inferiority and incompetancy? How could he be otherwise? The whole earth has conspired against him. CHRISTIANS have disfranchised him. CHRISTIANS have taken the Bible from him. CHRISTIANS have pronounced DEATH upon any one who shall teach him in a *Sabbath School!* And yet we must be calm, forsooth, yet we must be quiet and mild and submissive, must wait and dally and go round, while every gale is laden with the groans and outrages of immortal beings. The man who would shrink when such responsibilities are upon him, is a traitor; he who would be calm at such a moment, is a base and heartless coward; he who decries interferance in such a horrible oppression, deserves himself to wear the chains of the gasping slave. Let others stand aloof if they will, but we *"have sworn upon the altar of our God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny," and death only shall set the seal upon our efforts and labors.*

JUDGE JAY'S WORK.—The more thoroughly we examine this book, the more we are satisfied of its excellence. It is a clear, logical examination of the principles and influence of the Colonization and Anti-Slavery Societies, and should be read by every family in the country. We think no one can rise from its candid perusal without feeling that the system of expatriation is a system of cruel oppression, and that in patronizing it, they are adding strength to the grasp of the master. We would recommend it to the careful and candid consideration of the friends of both societies. Buy it and read it, by all means, and lend it to your neighbor, if you have any regard to the success of truth and justice.

Temperance in Concord.

A new movement in the temperance cause has been made in this town, and we hope its friends throughout the State will follow the example. *Total abstinence* is the only true principle, the only principle on which we can act with any consistency or hope of success. Half-way measures will only encourage and strengthen opposition. Thorough reform, *total abstinence* from all distilled, vinous and fermented drinks is the only sure course to health, innocence, and happiness. Wine must be banished, as well as its more simple and honest brother rum. There can be no compromise with them. Alcohol is the energy of both, and both must be abandoned, or there is no heart-reaching reform. We say it boldly, but not inconsiderately nor unadvisedly we trust, that the man who drinks wine and abstains from rum, is as much intemperate and as much needs the saving influence of reform, as he who drinks rum and abstains from wine. We have as much charity, as much respect for the one as for the other. If it is well for the professional man or the merchant to stimulate, it is also well for the laborer to do the same thing. If it is right and proper to cheer the heart of a rich friend with a bumper of wine, it is equally right and equally proper to cheer the heart of the poor wood-sawyer with a glass of rum. We see no difference between them, and we think that in proscribing wines the 'Concord Total Abstinence Society' have assumed the correct ground.

This Society was formed at a full meeting of the citizens of Concord (principally young men) holden at the Court Room on Fast day evening. The Constitution prohibits the use of "Ardent Spirits, Wine, Porter, or any other intoxicating liquors, except the use of Wine at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper" and also "Tobacco in all its forms." It provides for "quarterly meetings for the purpose of prosecuting the general objects of the Association."

The following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year.

ELIJAH COLBY, President,
JOSEPH H. KIMBALL, Vice President.
ALBERT G. CHADWICK, Secretary.
Executive Committee,

JOEL C. DANFORTH,	JOHN B. CHANDLER,
DAVID D. FISK,	JOSHUA K. ABBOT,
BENJAMIN FARNUM,	JOHN MILLER.

A convention of the Young Men of Merrimack County favorable to entire abstinence is to be holden in this town on the third Wednesday of June. We hope a full delegation will be present.

New-England Convention.

At a meeting of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on Wednesday last, it was unanimously voted to call a *New-England Convention of Abolitionists*, to be held in Boston during the Anniversary week. A committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements and to give an official invitation. It may be well here to add, that the proposed Convention is to commence its session on the evening of the 25th of May; and we would express the hope, that our brethren in all parts of the country will send large delegations—that we may strengthen each other's hands, and encourage each other's hearts, in this holy cause. Some of the most distinguished advocates of immediate emancipation may be expected to address the Convention.

Boston, April 11, 1835.

☞ The following Gentlemen have been appointed by the N. H. Anti Slavery Soc. to attend the above named convention, viz. Rev. Messrs. John M. Whiton, Austin Richards, Gibbon Williams, John M. Putnam, Rufus A. Putnam, David Stowell, and Edmund Worth, George Kimball, Esq. N. P. Rogers, Esq. and Mr. Amos Wood, and they are requested to receive this notice as evidence of their appointment. Upon their signifying to the Corresponding Secretary their acceptance of the appointment, he will furnish them with the necessary credentials.

☞ FAST-DAY SERMON.—We have received an excellent Sermon, preached by Rev. Mr. Fuller of Canaan on the occasion of the late annual fast. It came to hand too late for this number—it shall appear in our next.

Slavery in the French Colonies. The French Calonies, Martinique, Gaudaloupe, the French part of Guiana, &c. contain from 250,000 to 280,000 slaves. The white and free colored population is considerably less. Before the revolution of 1789, the slaves of these colonies were governed by a code promulgated by Louis XIV, in 1685, and was called the *black code*. This Legislative act regards the slaves as mere *moveable property*.

The subject of slavery has been agitated in France, since the Revolution, two or three times. In 1831, the members of the Society of Christian Morals, sent a petition to the Chamber of Peers, and to the Chamber of Deputies, asking for a law regulating these three points;—viz; the terms of freedom; the condition of the *patrones*;—and the maximum price at which a master should be obliged to set his slaves at liberty. The Chamber of Peers did justice to the good intention of the petitioners, but added that their wishes must be realized with great caution. The Chamber of Deputies passed by the petition to take up the order of the day, saying that the subject was too important to be agitated now. This effort in favor of slaves of the colonies produced almost no effect. The Society of Christian Morals appointed a committee to receive subscriptions for the purchase of negresses, but they did not receive money enough to purchase a single one in the colonies.

A recent letter from France, states the formation of a *French Society for the abolition of Slavery*. This society has been in existence only five or six months. The members of the committee are mostly Peers of France, and Deputies. Among them are M. Passy, M. Odlin Barrot, the Count Alexander de Laborde, the Marquis Geateau de Larochefaucauld, &c. These eminent citizens propose to enlighten public opinion by writings upon the abolition of slavery, and to employ their influence in parliament to attain the noble object of their association.

Salem Observer.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.—If the people of the Southern States did not have something occasionally to arouse their chivalrous temperament, they would verily spoil. The recent liberation of the cargo of slaves which were carried into Bermuda by the unfavorable weather, (perhaps we ought to say *favorable* weather,) has evidently created much excitement in the nullifying State of South Carolina. Public meetings it is said have been held there, and the transaction pronounced "Piracy under cover of the law." The Charleston papers call it "an insult to the flag of the United States," and express a hope that prompt measures will be taken by our government to redress the wrongs. A few weeks ago, when petitions were before Congress praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the southern members contended that the "general government had no right to in terfere in these matters." No they ask that same "general government" to "redress their wrongs." This is a capital illustration of the consistency of S. C. politicians—especially when it is considered that the owner of the slaves resides in the District of Columbia.—*Ib.*

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The second anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in New-York, (with divine permission) agreeably to the provisions of the Constitution, on Tuesday, May 12th, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon. The Annual Report will be read, and addresses are expected from several distinguished gentlemen. It is hoped that every auxiliary will send at least one delegate. They are requested to report their names at the Society's new Office, No. 144 Nassau-street, immediately on their arrival in the city.

There will be a meeting of the Society for business, on the morning of the anniversary, at 8 o'clock.

LEWIS TAPPAN, JOHN RANKIN, S. S. JOCELYN, } *Committee of Arrangements.*

NATIONAL FAST.

At the late meeting of the Managers of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society; the following vote was passed:

"Voted, That we consider it desirable that a day of fasting and prayer be observed throughout the United States, to implore the blessing of God on all proper measures which may be employed to promote the cause of Emancipation; and that our delegation be directed to request the Parent Society to designate the time."

This we consider an important resolution and we hope measures will be taken at the meeting of the A. A. S. Society in May to carry it into effect.

☞ A request to copy an article from the Liberator in reply to Prof. Whedon, cannot be complied with on account of the narrow limits of our paper. If we published the reply, we should, to have it understood by our readers, be under the necessity of copying the Professor's remarks, which would crowd out more important matter.

☞ The Secretaries of the several Anti Slavery Societies in this State are requested to forward as early as the second week in May to the Corresponding Secretary of the New Hampshire Anti Slavery Society, the time their several Societies were organized, the names of their officers, the number of members, the times of their Annual Meetings, and the number and kinds of Anti Slavery publications in circulation among the members.

REMITTANCES
from April 3 to April 17.

J. B. Abbott, N. Bouton, W. B. Towne, M. A. Newall, T. G. Peckham, E. Joy, A. Metcalf, C. Tucker, J. A. Chase, E. Corser, T. Hills, J. Cartland, D. Bowers, A. Foss, L. Healy, C. Knowlton, E. Scott, N. Prout, E. R. Ellison, M. A. Smith, C. Burnham, G. Wilson, I. S. Demerritt, L. Russell, G. Baily, S. C. Baker, A. W. Fowler, D. Roberts, H. S. Coburn, M. F. Tenny, J. Wight, S. Adams, R. W. Allen, C. W. Osborn, S. W. Wilson, J. Blake, J. T. Woodbury, N. Brown, E. Buzwell, J. Hazelton, $1 each.

E. Gove 50 cts. P. Annis 50 cts. J. Ide $5, M. A. Cartland $5, T. Adams $2.

LETTERS
received at this Office since our last.

W. B. Towne, S. C. Kimball, J. M. Harper, J. Scales, M. Preston, B. Chase, G. Kimball, M. Cartland, J. Kelley, S. Tuck, N. Brunsnus, A. Stevens, J. Hazelton

POETRY.

[For the Herald of Freedom.]

Wonderful Effects of Expatriation.

TO JACK.

Home, home to the land of your fathers,
Your color and kindred to meet;
From prejudice, scorn and oppression
It opens a sacred retreat.

Here, from freedom's rich blessings excluded,
Degraded, reproach'd and oppress'd—
In the darkness of ignorance shrouded
You never can hope to be bless'd.

But yonder 's a noble inheritance;
It Eden-like rises to view;—
All the sweets of an earthly existence
Liberia proffers to you.

Ah! yes, in that land of your sires
Freedom's star-spangled banner is raised,
And the light of its long smothered fires
'Mid her desolate darkness has blazed.

She now holds out prospects most cheering,
Of future advancement and gain;
Social joys and the blessings of freedom,
Fast follow in liberty's train.

Retreat to that peaceful asylum
And your powers anon will expand,—
In government, commerce, and science
You'll fail not with honor to stand.

You'll help raise to a high elevation
Your down-trodden, ill-fated race;
And to give the lov'd land of your fathers,
With christianiz'd nations a place.

In that bark, whose white canvass is floating,
Your master 'll, perchance, let you go;
And the breeze to the east will soon bear you,
Where blessings perennial flow.

JACK'S REPLY.

Dat be not de land ob my faders,
I be true born dameriea boy;
Strange to tell—though I'm clogg'd with dese fetters,
I be still in my *fader's* employ.

I know I be crush'd and degraded,
And I sigh ebery day to be free;
But rader dan go to Liberia
I will stay in my chains where I be.

I no like what de gobernor Pinney *
Did all 'bout de colony write:
'Tis just as old negars did tell;
It is not such da beautiful sight.

You hab neber been out dare to see it,
And de gobernor say you can't tell;
He tells all about its condition,
And oh, how de catalogue swell!

First, de fever de body fast seizes;
And he says it would take a whole year
For de victim his health to recover
And from all its effects to get clear.

Then some stand waste deep in de water,
And work for a morsel of bread;—
And long fore they get them a shelter,
All their life and their spirits be fled.

He says dat de merchants and traders,
Sell *fire-arms, powder* and *rum*;
I dare say they drew from the people
A most unaccountable sum.

And these men be their *ministers* too;
They *preach* and in merchandize *trade*.—
Tell not 'bout Liberia's glory;
Dis would throw it all down in de shade!

Oh! never I know will Liberia
De redemption of Africa prove;
And never will expadriation
Slavery's curse from this country remove.

D.

* See Gov. P.'s Letter in the African Repos.

Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Woe to the land, whose wealth proclaims
Another land's undoing;
Whose trophied column rises high,
On *robbery* and *ruin*.
Britania saw with deep disdain,
The foul reproach, the coward stain,
The characters of blood;
She saw and swept her shame away,
While shouting round, in thick array,
Her patriot champions stood.

Proud was the morn whose early beams
Saw *Pitt* and *Fox* uniting,
And side by side, in holy band,
Their country's battle fighting.
Oh! if their spirits hover nigh,
How shall they hail with rapture high,
This day's revolving sun;
And hear our songs of triumph tell,
The prize, for which they fought so well,
The virtuous prize is *won!*

Let *France* of prostrate Europe tell,
Exulting in her story;
The usurper shall unenvied stretch
The reign of guilty glory.
His be the chaplet dropping gore,
And his the red plume, waving o'er
A bleeding people's woe.
Scourge of the North, the South, the West!
The World, that bows at thy behest,
The *World* is still thy foe.

But *thee*, fair Daughter of the Seas,
Are *brighter* days attending,
And olive wreaths, with myrtle twined,
Around thy sceptre blending.
Though doomed perchance awhile to bear
Thy blazing ægis high in air;
Beneath that ample shade,
Shall *Europe's* exiled virtue throng,
And *Africa*, redeemed from wrong,
Adore thy guardian aid.

So shalt thou rest, though rolling years,
Secure in heaven's alliance,
And to a thousand circling foes
Breathe out a bold defiance.
Her eagle wing shall Victory wave
Around the arm that strikes to save;
And Earth applauding, see
The friend of every friendless name,
Foremost in bliss, and strength, and fame,
The Friend of Freedom, *free*.

MISCELLANY.

The Runaway Slave.

Late in the afternoon of one of those sultry days which render the atmosphere of the Louisiania swamps pregnant with baneful effluvia, I directed my course towards my distant home, loaded with a pack consisting of five or six Wood Ibises, and a heavy gun, the weight of which in those days when my natural powers were unimpaired, prevented me from moving with much speed. Reaching the banks of a miry bayou, only a few yards in breadth, but of which I could not ascertain the depth, on account of the muddiness of the waters, I thought it might be dangerous to wade through it with my burden, for which reason, throwing to the opposite side each of my heavy birds in succession, together with my gun, powder flask, and shot bag, and drawing my hunting knife from its scabbard to defend myself, if need should be against alligators, I entered the water followed by my faithful dog. As I advanced carefully and slowly, Plato swam around me, enjoying the refreshing influence of the liquid element that cooled his fatigued and heated frame. The water deepened, as did the mire of its bed; but with a stroke or two I gained the shore. Scarcely had I stood erect on the opposite bank, when my dog ran to me, exhibiting marks of terror, his eyes seeming ready to burst from their sockets, and his mouth grinning with the expression of hatred, while his feelings found vent in a stifled growl. Thinking that all was produced by the scent of a wolf or bear, I stopped to take up my gun, when a stentorian voice commanded me to "stand still, or die!" Such a "*qui vive*" in these woods was as unexpected as it was rare.—I instantly raised and cocked my gun; and, although I did not yet perceive the individual who had thus issued so peremptory a mandate, I felt determined to combat with him for the free passage of the grounds.—Presently a tall, firm built negro emerged from the underwood, where, until that moment he must have been crouched, and in a louder voice repeated his injunction. Had I pressed a trigger, his life would instantly have terminated; but observing that the gun which he aimed at my breast was a wretched rusty piece, from which fire could not readily be produced, I felt little fear, and therefore did not judge it necessary to proceed at once to extremities. I laid my gun at my side, tapped my dog quietly, and asked the man what he wanted.

My forbearance, and the stranger's long habit of submission, produced the most powerful effect on his mind.—"Master," said he, "I am a runaway, I might perhaps shoot you down: but God forbid it, for I feel just now as if I saw him ready to pass judgment against me for such a foul deed, and I ask mercy at your hands. For God's sake do not kill me master!" And why, answered I, have you left your quarters, where certainly you must have fared better than in these unwholsome swamps? "Master, my story is short, but a sorrowful one. My camp is close by, and I know you cannot reach home this night; if you follow me there, depend upon *my honor* you shall be safe until morning, when I will carry your birds if you choose to the great road."

After trudging along for some distance, and crossing several bayous, at all of which he threw his gun and knife to the opposite bank, and stood still until I had got over, we came to the borders of an immense cane brake, from which I had on former occasions, driven and killed several deer. We entered, as I had frequently done before, now erect then on "all fours." He regularly led the way, divided here and there the tangled stalks, and whenever we reached a fallen tree, assisted me in getting over it with all possible care. I saw that he was a perfect Indian in the knowledge of the woods, for he kept a direct course as precisely as any "Redskin" I ever travelled with. All of a sudden he emitted a loud shriek, not unlike that of an owl, which so surprised me that I once more levelled my gun. "No harm master, I only give notice to my wife and children that I am coming." A tremulous answer of the same nature gently echoed through the tree tops.

In the heart of the cane brake, I found a regular camp. A small fire was lighted, and on its embers lay gridling some large slices of venison. A lad nine or ten years old was blowing the ashes from some fine sweet potatoes. Various articles of household furniture were carefully deposited around, and a large pallet of bear and deer skins seemed to be the resting place of the whole family. The wife raised not her eyes towards mine, and the little ones, three in number, retired into a corner, like so many discomfited racoons; but the Runaway, bold and apparently happy, spoke to them in such cheering words, that at once one and all seemed to regard me as one sent by providence to relieve them from all their troubles. My clothes were hung up by them to dry, and the negro asked if he might dry and clean my gun, which I permitted him to do, while the wife threw a piece of deer's flesh to my dog, which the children were already caressing.

Only think of my situation, reader! Here I was ten miles at least from home, and four or five from the nearest plantation, in the camp of runaway slaves, and quite at their mercy. My eyes involuntarily followed their motion, but as I perceived in them a strong desire to make me their confident and friend, I gradually relinquished all suspicion. The venison and potatoes looked quite tempting, and by this time I was in a condition to relish much less savoury fare; so, on being humbly asked to divide the viands before us, I partook of as hearty a meal as I had ever done in my life.

Supper over, the fire was completely extinguished, and a small lighted pine knot placed in a hallow calabash.—Seeing that the husband and wife were desirous of communicating something to me, I at once fearlessly desired them to unburden their minds; when the Runaway told me a tale of which the following is the substance.

About eighteen months before, a planter not very far off, having met with some losses, was obliged to expose his slaves at a public sale. The value of his negroes was well known, and on the appointed day, the auctioneer laid them out in small lots, or offered them singly, in the manner he judged most advantageous to the owner. The runaway, who was well known as being the most valuable next to his wife, was put up by himself for sale, and brought an immoderate price. For his wife, who come next, and alone, eight hundred dollars was bidden and paid down. Then the children were exposed, and on account of their breed, brought very high prices. The rest of the slaves went off at rates corresponding to their qualifications.

The Runaway chanced to be purchased by the overseer of the plantation, the wife was bought by an individual residing about a hundred miles off, and the children went to different places along the river. The heart of the husband and father failed under this dire calamity. For a while he pined in deep sorrow under his new master; but having marked down in his memory the names of the different persons who had purchased each dear portion of his family, he feigned illness, if, indeed, he whose affections had been so grievously blasted, could be said to feign it, refrained from food for several days, and was little regarded by the overseer, who felt himself disappointed in what he considered a bargain.

On a stormy night, when the elements raged with all the fury of a hurricane, the poor negro made his escape, and being well acquainted with the neighboring swamps, at once made directly for the cane brake, in the centre of which I found his camp. A few nights afterwards he gained the abode of his wife, and the very next after their meeting he led her away. The children, one after another he succeeded in stealing, until at last the whole objects of his love were under his care.

To provide for five individuals, was no easy task in those wilds, which after the first notice was given of the wonderful disappearance of this extraordinary family, were daily ransacked by armed planters.—*Audubon.*

We may conclude this interesting anecdote by telling the reader that the Runaways were, by the intervention of our author, placed in a state of comparative comfort, under the protection of a Louisiana planter.

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Journal states the following facts respecting an individual in Virginia:—

"Some months since, the subject of slavery magnified exceedingly to the eye of his conscience, and he was intelligently brought to the conclusion, that the holding of his fellow-men in involuntary servitude, *as an article of property*, was incompatible with a profession of the christian religion, or a hope beyond the grave. Accordingly, on the first day of January last, he informed Twenty Five of his adult slaves, that he wished to change the relation in which they stood to him, as he considered it *wrong*, and stated that they were at liberty to work for themselves; and if they would continue in his employ, he would pay them the wages that were paid to white men for the same services; giving them to understand that he abandoned all *right of property in them*, and was desirous to do what he could, under existing laws, to inform their minds, and improve their hearts. He is now paying them for their services from 50 cents to one dollar per day. This is all with a design prospectively to their final manumission here, when it can be done without violation of the statute; or their removal to Africa, if they prefer it, whenever a way opens favorable to its accomplishment. Four children of this individual have within a few years become hopefully pious; together with a younger brother who was part owner of the slaves. Eleven of the liberated slaves have within the same time professed a hope in the Savior. This is as it should be. And may the *same spirit* actuate the church, and state at large, until it shall have chased the cloud which has so long obscured the brightest prospects of the "old dominion," and Virginia's sons telligently respond a willing assent to the plea for *universal emancipation*."

Gambling Houses.

We have our hells in this city—our genteel and select gaming houses, where friends meet to win each other's money, and where the initiatory steps to a gambler's life and a gambler's fate are clearly developed.

The other night, hearing the rattling of balls in a room brilliantly illuminated in one of our public streets, I strolled in to see what was going on, and there beheld two boys not over fifteen years of age, playing billiards; so very short, that they had to stand on tip-toe to use the mace and *que* with any certainty—an *old man*, the keeper of the table, was marking for them. They were fashionably dressed—one of the little urchins had a segar in the corner of his mouth, and the other had a fur cap neatly cocked on the side of his head; and at every pause of the game took a sip of something from a tumbler, which might have been wine and water—probably something stronger;—the little fellows moved briskly round the table, and were by no means novices. They were pretty boys—delicately featured—children of rich parents;—any father might be proud of such boys, and yet would be spared much anxiety and pain to be without them. What are they good for—what prospect have they through life, commencing life thus? initiated at an early age in vice and extravagance—for them, study could have no charms—industry no allurements—a sober, happy, temperate life, no attractions. Pleasure and play are the twin stars of their destiny; and an early grave in penury, their only reward. Who stands accountable for this ruin;—*Parents.* Up to certain age, the age of discretion, a mother is responsible for the sins of a child; hence the strong declaration of the early moral writers, "that the father who does not bring up his son to some profession or colling is a villain;" and so he is—he is the assassin of his own child.

When the two boys had finished their game—paid the bill—lit their segars, and buttoned up their coats, for a walk, the old man was left alone. He had been a great gambler in his time, and was like a broken down race horse, who could not give up the turf. "Do you know," said I, "that I have some curiosity to learn what was the largest sum you ever won at cards at a sitting?" "Why when I was a young fellow, and kept company with all the young fellows in town, I one night won thirty thousand dollars at brag." "Prodigous! Thirty thousand dollars?"—"Yes, I played all night and lost it all back, except eight hundred dollars, and I would have lost that but that it was Sunday morning; and I heard the bells ring for church, and recollected that I had promised my wife to go and hear the Bishop preach. So I washed my hands and face, smoothed my hair, and with downcast looks and pious features, joined in the Litany and chaunted Psalms."

"There are many such, no doubt, in the world; but did you ever foreswear gaming?" "O frequently, but always broke my oath—one night I lost three thousand dollars, all I had in the world, and I walked home quite melancholy with a friend. It was past two o'clock, and I invited him in to drink a glass of brandy and water. I swore all the bitter oaths I could remember, that I never again would handle cards.—While I was thus swearing, feeling in my pocket for a little loose tobacco, I found a bank note of a hundred dollars. All my gambling propensities revived in an instant—let's go back, says I, and try our luck once more—with this hundred I may win five thousand. We went back and I lost the note in five minutes, and here I am not worth a penny."

While there are many such cases—many similar scenes to be recounted—many acts of such tragedies to be rehearsed—how seldom do we contemplate the forlorn and desolate condition of the fond but wretched wife—whose husband is a victim to this ruinous passion, and whose children, alas! are walking in the same steps. Night after night she sits alone by the expiring embers, waiting the return of the truant, but still beloved husband—each knock of the door, each jar and jingle of the bell alarms her, until she becomes nervous from solitude and watchfulness—the chirping of the cricket on the hearth, or the moaning of the wind through the casement, serve only to make "night hideous." The midnight bell tolls, and still he comes not—the hour of one is struck,—two, sometimes three in the morning, ere his step is heard through the passage, and then he enters, pale—haggard—tormented with passion and despair—wild with disappointment and excited by liquor—not a kind word—not a soft look, or an endearing expression for her whose love he should prize above all earthly jewels. The wretched partner of his misfortunes goes to bed restless—feverish, with head-ache and heart-ache. For every pang thus wantonly inflicted on a tender wife and mother, a life of penance can scarcely atone, and those who can escape here and hereafter from the stings of a wounded conscience, and a punishment commensurate with sin, must gather resolution and avoid scenes of gaming and ruin—the loss of fame and fortune, of lasting happiness and peace of mind.—*N. Y. Star.*

Character of Laud.

The following graphic sketch of this spiritual and temporal tyrant, the professed servant, though for a while the real master, of Charles I, is from the January number of the Westminster Review.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury was altogether a more remarkable person. He was born to be a clergyman and a courtier. Supple as a willow when pliancy was essential to his success, the qualities of his intellect and disposition grew harder as he waxed rich, potent, and old. Engrafting zeal for his order upon a selfishness which he contrived to disguise and perhaps forget, he grew into an incarnation of the principles of priesteraft—a polymorphous monster, with "horns like a lamb, but speaking as a dragon." He was certainly not a protestant, in the sense at least of his immortal contemporary Chillingworth; and to have embraced Popery would have cost him his preferment. He therefore aimed at a popedom of his own creation, over the establishment to which he belonged; wherein he hoped that his archiepiscopal pretensions might be suspended midway between truth and superstition, like the fabled coffin of Mohammed between its loadstones at Medina. Approaches to absolute authority, and much more its actual possession, will always harden the heart. Laud lived to be as cruel as a familiar of the Holy Office in Spain, before the fangs of persecution struck into his own soul. He wanted Felton to have been stretched upon the rack. He gloated over the agonies of the Puritans when they were writhing under the shears of the executioner. Rome proffered him her purple; but the world, the flesh, and the devil, for once refused the Cardinalite. Yet he willingly accepted from Oxonian sycophancy the fulsome titles of Holiness, High Priest, and Archangel. Prelacy was the Alpha and Omega of his creed; his darling, his idol, his all in all. He would have extended its domination from pole to pole had it been possible, without a scruple at using the temporal sword, or allowing a harem of wives to the laity, if the clergy would but have consented to lie alone. Feared by many, and loved by none, he could condescend to pick a quarrel on the score of a few ill-timed jests with poor Archy, the king's fool; who was finally condemned, by a solemn order in council, to be dismissed from his place, and have his coat pulled over his head, at the sole and reiterated instigation of his pious and most reverend prosecutor. His friendship for Strafford was fervent exactly as long as that nobleman promised to prove subservient to his ecclesiastical views, and no longer. The impression he gave to the Universities, and Oxford in particular—the influence he exercised over his master's bigoted and obstinate mind—the union he so patronized between church and state—the spirit of despotism, with which he contrived to inoculate the former—survived his violent end, and have left vestiges which can scarcely be mistaken, for the examination of the present day.

PLEASURE.—The annexed extract is from the new novel of "Anne Gray," by the author of "Granby."

"It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every different person. Pleasure to a country Miss just come out means a "race ball, and many partners that she has danced till can hardly stand." Pleasure to an aspiring after fashion means "a card from Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady ——." Pleasure to a school-boy means "tying string to his school fellow's toe when he asleep, and pulling it till it awakes him." Pleasure to a man of inquiring mind means "a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off." Pleasure to a man of taste means "a first rate *artiste*, and a good dinner." Pleasure to a laboring man means "doing nothing." Pleasure to a fine lady means "having something to do to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquary an means "an illegible inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means "a dark invisible; very fine picture." Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means "liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton excepting himself." Pleasure to a beggar means "a sovereign by mistake instead of a shilling." Pleasure to a sailor "a fresh breeze and a sight of land." Pleasure to the afflicted "a tear." Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers "the last word in an argument." Pleasure to the social "the human face divine." Pleasure to the morose "I shan't see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author "the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible—"Finis." Pleasure to all, to every one their own way, and that way a different one."

PUBLIC OPINION *vs.* MISGOVERNMENT.—"You may boast of the nineteenth century and say such things cannot happen to-day; but the men of Cromwell's time boasted equally of the spirit of the seventeenth, and were equally confident that liberty was eternal. And even at this day, have we not seen in France how impotent is *mere* opinion? Have not the French lost all the fruits of their revolution? Are not the ordinances virtually carried? And why? Because the French parted with the power out of their own hands, under the idea that public opinion was a power sufficient in itself. When the man first persuaded the horse to try (*by way of experiment*) the saddle and bridle, what was his argument?—'My good friend, you are much stronger than I am; you can kick me off again if you don't like me—your will is quite enough to dislodge me; come—the saddle; it is but a ride, recollect! come—open your mouth; Lord have mercy, what fine teeth!—how you could bite if I displeased you! So, so, old boy! What's the moral? The man is riding the horse to this day."—*Bulwer.*

What o'clock is it?

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. 'Stop, Humphrey,' said he, 'I have something more to tell you.'

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

'Humphrey,' said he, 'I have taught you to know the time of the day, I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life.'

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to get to my marbles.

'The Bible,' said he, 'describes the years of man to be three score years and ten, or four score years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one clock of his life; and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may, perhaps, remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.'

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, 'what o'clock is it?' nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a clock without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not, my friends, what o'clock it is with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do any thing in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial plate of a clock, which it never would perhaps have possessed in my estimation, if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, now and then to ask yourself what o'clock it is with you.—*Sailor's Mag.*

KEEP COOL.—A man of sensibility is always in the attic of ecstacy, or the cellar of sorrow—either jumping with joy, or groaning with grief. But pleasure and pain are like a cucumber—the extremes are good for nothing.

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM

Is published at Concord, N. H., on Saturday of every other week.

TERMS.—One dollar per annum, if paid in *advance*; One Dollar and twenty-five cents, in three months: One Dollar and fifty cents will be charged if payment is longer delayed.

Agents procuring subscribers and becoming responsible for the payment, will be entitled to every sixth copy.

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